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1879

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TOOL AND SOCIAL DRAMA.

"Act well your part."

IS THE EDITOR IN?

BY

T. S. DENISON.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON.

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

NEW PLAYS,

FOR SCHOOLS AND AMATEURS.

—1880.—

Price, 15 Cents Each, Postage Paid.

These plays have been prepared expressly to meet the wants of teachers and amateur clubs by teachers of extended experience in the school room and in the presentation of amateur plays. They are simple in construction, and require no scenery, or only such as is usually at hand. They afford ample opportunity for "acting." They are *pure in tone and language*.

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A drama in five acts; 7 male and 4 female characters. Time, 1 hour, 45 m. Contains a good humorous negro character.

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A drama in four acts; 7 male and 3 female. Time, 1 hour, 15 m. Contains a good comic Irish character.

"Seth Greenback was a perfect success. It can't be beat as an amateur drama."—*Will H. Talbott, Coatsville, Ind., Dramatic Club*.

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A farce in two acts, 4 male and 4 female. Time, 45 m. Very interesting and amusing.

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A ludicrous farce; 8 male. Time, 25 m.

"We used Initiating a Granger. It was laughable beyond description."—*J. W. Simmons, Lawrence, Mich.*

THE SPARKLING CUP.

A temperance drama in five acts; 12 male and 4 female. Time, 1 hour, 45 m. A thrilling play, worthy the best efforts of amateurs. Pathetic song and death scene.

"The Sparkling Cup met with great success. It is the great rival of Ten Nights in a Bar Room."—*W. F. Kuhn, De Graff, O.*

A FAMILY STRIKE.

A spicy farce, illustrating "strikes;" 3 male and 3 female. Time 20 m.

TWO GHOSTS IN WHITE.

A humorous farce based on boarding-school life; 7 female characters. Time, 25 m. Very funny throughout, and contains some excellent hits.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

A FARCE.

BY

T. S. DENISON,

Author of "Odds with the Enemy," "Initiating a Granger," "Wanted, a Correspondent," "A Family Strike," "Seth Greenback," "Hans Von Smash," "Borrowing Trouble," "Two Ghosts in White," "The Pull-Back," "Country Justice," "The Assessor," "The Sparkling Cup," "Louva the Pauper," "Our Country," "The School-Ma'am," "The Kansas Immigrants," "The Irish Linen Peddler," Etc.

CHICAGO:
T. S. DENISON.

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CHARACTERS.

MR. PASTEPOT, editor of the *Tellawhopper*.

MISS POETASTER, a regular contributor.

MR. ANSON, a subscriber and advertiser.

MRS. BOODLUM, an aggrieved subscriber

MR. BOODLUM.

MR. SPAR.

} Slandered citizens seeking redress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R means right as the actor faces the audience; *L*, left; *C*, center.

SYNOPSIS.

Miss Poetaster calls to read an effusion to the editor. With difficulty he gets rid of her, when Mrs. Boodlum enters to say she did not get her paper. Pastepot refers her to the "devil." She does not understand the term, and leaves highly indignant. Spar calls to punish the editor for some allusion to him in the paper. Pastepot slips out. Boodlum enters to avenge the insult to his wife. They fight. Enter Pastepot, who finally gets rid of them by saying the editor is across the street. He sends them there and they attack the rival editor, who is not so easily disposed of.

NOTE.—The author does not claim as original, the incident of the fight between Spar and Boodlum. It was suggested by a newspaper paragraph.

IS THE EDITOR IN?

SCENE. *Office of a country newspaper. Shabby, inky old desk or table C. Waste-basket R of table. Old newspapers, ink bottle, etc., scattered around plentifully. Editor seated lazily with his heels on the table reading the exchanges, and clipping extracts freely with a huge pair of shears.*

P. (*Throwing down his paper and shears.*) This is becoming unbearable. I can't stand it much longer. There is absolutely nothing to fill the columns of the next *Tellawhopper*. There hasn't been an elopement or a murder for a week. Knockdowns have become vulgar. They don't satisfy the tastes of a cultivated and enlightened community which has been pampered by the cream of journalism. The groveling reptile who runs the *Clashpacket* may be content with street fights, burglaries and runaways, but the *Tellawhopper* is conducted on a higher plan. The *Tellawhopper* sits proudly perched on the very apex of the æsthetic. The back-alley organ, the *Clashpacket*, revels in the mire of its own low surroundings. (*Enter Miss Poetaster L.*)

Miss P. (*In an affected tone.*) Good morning, Mr. Pastepot. How's the *Tellawhopper*?

P. Splendid, magnificent, booming! Take a seat.

Miss P. (*Seating herself.*) I have a brief effusion for you.

P. A what!

Miss P. An effusion! a poem! Oh, you ignorant man! I'll read it.

P. (*Hastily.*) Don't, I pray. I'll put it on file for the next issue.

Miss P. Oh, but I must. It's an imitation of Tennyson. Impromptu, you know!

P. (*Aside.*) That has racked your brains for a month.

Miss P. My Pegasus you see was urged by the spur of the moment. (*Laughs.*)

P. So you loosened the rein for a bit, eh? (*Both laugh.* Miss P. reads.)

AHENOBARBUS'S PROPOSAL.

AN IMITATION OF TENNYSON.

It was on a summer morning with the sun an hour high,
And Biddy Boyle was hanging out a lot of clothes to dry.
A pensive maiden tripped along adown a shady lane;
When Ahenobarbus Harper cried, "Hello, my Betsey Jane."

Then the maiden halted hastily and hove a great big sob,
 But Ahenobarbus little thought 'twas all a put-up job.
 Said Ahenobarbus wildly, "Ah, my sweet, my chick, my pet,
 Why com'st thou out so early when the grass is dreadful wet?"

"For the dew is very heavy and your shoes are very thin;
 If you catch the horrid rheumatiz your ma will keep you in."
 Then across one of her optics stole the slyest kind of wink,
 I'd say 'twas o'er the left one, but I haven't time to think.

And the maiden softly answered, "Sir, I wander down this lane
 Seeking for a precious treasure which I fear I seek in vain;
 A word of information, sir, would not be out of place;
 Perhaps 'twould save the rheumatiz and end this nasty chase."

Emotions, ten or twelve or more, went racing through his breast;
 And his throbbing heart went bobbing round an' round an' round
 his chest.

Ahenobarbus wildly cried, "My duck, my pet, my doe,
 Affections pent will burst this heart." Said she, "Young man go
 slow."

Said he, "A treasure long I've sought. Have I my treasure won?"
 Said Betsey J., "Put on your hat; you're standing in the sun."
 Ahenobarbus frantic grew; he tore his mustache out;
 Great handfuls of the hair he pulled and madly flung about.

A smile then softly stole from out the left side of her mouth;
 He said, "Smile on me once again." That time she smiled from
 both.

"Oh, speak to me, my Betsey J., my hopes soar like a rocket."
 She spoke, but merely said, "Look there! what's sticking out 'o
 your pocket?"

Convulsions sore his bosom tore; he pranced like one possessed.
 Poor Betsey Jane was quite alarmed to see him so distressed;
 Amazed, to soothe his pangs she spoke, "O Henny, what's the
 matter?"

It's cherry time! you must be sick, you're raising such a clatter."

"You said you sought a treasure, love; upon that hint I acted."
 "I am undone," he faintly groaned; "I think I'll go distracted."
 A curious smile shone in her eyes, she laughed and said, "I vow
 If all this rumpus hain't been raised 'bout our old mewly cow."

Miss P. What do you think of it, Mr. Pastepot?

P. Miss Poetaster, it's fine, remarkably fine. I think it will
 everlastingly silence that miserable scribbler who contributes his
 platitudes in rhyme to the Clashpacket.

Miss P. Don't you think the imagery very delicate, and calculated to arouse sad, sweet reflections in sentimental bosoms?

P. Ahem! yes! oh, yes. Except for that magnificent majority who happen to reflect in their heads instead of their bosoms.

Miss P. Mr. Pastepot, do you think my effusion has the marks of genius?

P. It has. I can affirm without equivocation that it has extraordinary marks. (*Aside.*) Including the ear marks.

Miss P. Don't you judge me harshly, Mr. Pastepot, in what I am about to say. For all the world, with Venus and the moon thrown in, I wouldn't lacerate that refined, delicate, sensitive aroma of your nature, which like the fog from Goose creek copiously distills itself for all.

P. Pray don't mention it, madam. It's my duty to distill the article in question for the benefit of my less fortunate fellow beings. It costs them only one dollar-and-a-half per year, strictly in advance. The delicacy of your compliment oversteps all sordid considerations, and views its recipient in his true light.

Miss P. Which is none of your tallow dips, but a big kerosene lamp with a patent asbestos wick in which (*With sentimental sing song*) the midnight oil is made to boil—

P. No, you mean burn.

Miss P. So I do. I feel so poetical. I long to soar forevermore.

P. On the cellar door!

Miss P. (*Laughing.*) Mr. Pastepot, I can't help it. But you are to blame. (*Confidentially.*) Do you know! The *Tellawhopper* was the first paper to publish my effusions!

P. Great Heavens, madam! Did that reptile of the Clash-packet dare to reject such treasures? (*Aside.*) A trick of his to inflict them on me.

Miss P. He did. But I'll have my revenge.

P. And I'll have mine.

Miss P. The *Tellawhopper* henceforth shall have all my effusions. I have two more here, one on "Gentle Spring." I'll read it.

P. (*Hastily.*) By no means, Miss Poetaster! The pleasure of hearing *one* of your pieces is quite enough for one day.

Miss P. (*Unfolding an immense roll of MSS.*) There are only forty-nine stanzas.

P. I'll file it for future use.

Miss P. Then, I have another little effusion, entitled "Some reflections on observing the fall of the beautiful snow." I *must* read this, for I wish a little assistance in two or three places where the rhymes won't fit.

P. (*Desperately.*) Madam, I have an appointment. I entirely forgot it. Pray excuse me. (*Seizes his hat.*)

Miss P. Oh, I'm so sorry; I wanted to have a nice chat on literary topics. You *must* tell me this. What rhymes with *cajole*!

P. Tidpole!

Miss P. But isn't tad-pole vulgar?

P. No, indeed, madam. It is a very modest production of the veg—no, not of the vegetable kingdom, of the mineral kingdom. That's it. It flourishes in mud puddles.

Miss P. Oh, not mud puddles. There's no poetry in mud puddles. Say babbling brooks.

P. (*Frantically.*) Madam, I implore you to desist. I *must* go. (*Starts toward the door L.*)

Miss P. (*Interrupting him, speaks in very sentimental tone.*) Now, would you be so ungallant as to run away, Mr. Pastepot? Stay but a moment. I've already used the word tadpole, or its relative, pollywog, in a short effusion, entitled "Moonlight on the Wave." Would it be right to use it again?

P. (*Groans.*) I think nobody would object.

Miss P. The lines referred to begin:

"A little pollywog
Was sitting on a log
While the moon was slowly rising
Through a nasty chilly fog."

I've forgotten the next line, but I have the papers here. (*Produces roll of MSS.*)

P. Oh, ye gods! save me from a horrible fate! (*Dashes out L.*)

Miss P. There! He's gone, and I had no chance to ask for some copies of the paper containing my effusion. My friends at a distance will be so anxious to see my imitation of Tennyson. I'll just leave a note for Mr. Pastepot, asking him to save me fifty copies. (*Sets herself at table to write the note. Enter Anson, L.*)

A. Good day, ma'am. Is the editor in?

Miss P. He is not. (*Rises, places the note on the table, and Exit L.*)

A. (*Taking up the note.*) I wonder what this is. A communication, I suppose. (*Reads.*)

Dear Mr. Pastepot:

Please save me fifty copies of your paper containing my effusion, and oblige

Yours, truly,

ARABELLA MELINDA POETASTER.

A capital idea! If people who advertise effusions can get fifty copies of the paper, I don't see why a man who raises prize squashes and turnips isn't entitled to some consideration. A man must stick up for his rights nowadays, or he'll never get them. (*Enter Pastepot L.*)

P. How do you do, Mr. Anson. I'm very glad to see you. Any news out your way? Come in to renew your subscription, eh? It's just out.

A. Well, not exactly! I came in with a few turnips for you. They're prime. (*Sets down a bag containing a few turnips.*) There's half a bushel of them.

P. Thank you. I'll notice your very handsome present. (*Writes.*) Mr. Anson, of Goose Creek township, called on us this week, and presented us with some of the finest turnips it has ever been our lot to examine.

A. You haven't seen them yet, Mr. Pastepot. But I suppose the eagle eye of a critic annihilates time, space and locality.

P. (*Laughs.*) Well, the fact is, journalism seems mysterious to the uninitiated, but it is all clear to him who wields the pen.

A. Yes, I suppose so. I hardly think that notice is what I want though. Can't you manage to squeeze this in. (*Produces an immense sheet of paper written full on both sides.*)

P. (*Taking the paper.*) Oh, an advertisement! Yes, we've plenty of room, and it shall go in with a splendid display. That will fill a column. I'll make it the lowest figures for you. We'll say \$10 for one insertion, or \$25 for three months. Better run it three months.

A. Hold on, Mister Editor. That isn't an advertisement. I can't afford to advertise. Trade is dull, very dull. I thought maybe you could squeeze that in as an item of news.

P. Perhaps it is news for the people to learn that Mr. Anson, of Goose Creek township, is in the nursery and fruit and vegetable business, but I fear it is not news of that exciting kind which the fastidious patrons of the *Tellawhopper* demand. They're very particular, Mr. Anson.

A. You know I gave you an advertisement last year that amounted to one dollar, and you said I could have a notice free whenever I wanted it.

P. But this is rather an extended notice.

A. Well, a bargain's a bargain! I want the public to know especially that I have very fine winter fruit in quantities to suit purchasers; apples and winter pears. I'll tell you what I'll do.

P. Send me a barrel of winter pears?

A. Well, no. I was going to say that if you would insert that notice in good shape, and send me up a hundred copies of the paper containing it, I would bring you a half bushel more turnips next time I came to town. But don't eat too many of them at once. They are very rich and nutritious. Good day, Mr. Pastepot. I'm in a hurry. (*Exit L.*)

P. Well, if that isn't a sublime exhibition of cheek, then commend me to a pawnbroker for charity, or a pig for abstinence. Oh, the wretch! Why don't he go to the *Clashpacket* office, where he naturally belongs. The reptile who runs the back-alley organ has brought things to this unseemly state, by cutting the regular rates. He has brought reproach and disgrace upon his profession. But what cares he for shame who knows not shame! He has dared to fling mud at the spotless pedestal on which the chaste queen of journalism sits enthroned. I'll write an article on that very subject. I'll make a home thrust. I'll flay him. It's high time that editorial blackguardism should cease. (*Takes a pen and writes furiously, as long as the audience enjoy it.*)

(Enter Mrs. Boodlum L.)

Mrs. B. How do you do, Mr. Pastepot, I didn't get my paper last week. I am not going to lose my paper that way. It is n't the first time either.

P. (Still writing furiously.) Go to the devil, madam!

Mrs. B. Mr. Pastepot, such language is shocking. I'm surprised that a man of your standing should use such language. But you can't scare me out that way. I want my paper and I'll have it.

P. Mrs. Boodlum, I told you to go to the devil!

Mrs. B. (Angrily.) And I'm not going till I get my paper.

P. (Looking up.) Mrs. Boodlum, I'm very busy. The individual to whom I have referred you is in the back room. He is my authorized agent when I am otherwise engaged. (*Renews writing.*)

Mrs. B. Your agent indeed! a nice man you are!

P. He can attend to the matter quite as well as I.

Mrs. B. I think you're a very mean man. I won't be insulted to my face. I'll send up Mr. Boodlum, and see if you'll tell him to go to that dreadful, wicked, bad place. (*Exit L in high dudgeon.*)

P. Thank fortune she has gone. That's the way with some of them. If a paper is lost, they'll turn the whole town into Bedlam about it. (*Enter Spar L, carrying heavy walking stick.*)

Spar. (Fiercely.) My name is Spar. I want to see the editor. I've a little account to settle with him.

P. Oh, yes! subscription overdue I suppose?

Spar. (Savagely.) Subscription! No! I want to see the scoundrel who wrote this. (*Produces paper.*) It says that I beat my wife regularly every morning before breakfast to give her an appetite, and that I feed her children by her first husband on bean soup made out of mouldy beans, that I couldn't sell. What do you say to that, sir?

P. I say that the use of the appetizer alluded to is perhaps injudicious, especially its use so frequently. The economy, sir, of the bean soup is apparent, and undeniable.

Spar. (*Flourishing his cane.*) Come, sir. You can't hoodwink me by talking about economy. I've been insulted. I've come in to break every bone in your worthless body, and the sooner we proceed to business the sooner the job is over.

P. Oh, I beg your pardon! You wished to see the responsible editor.

Spar. I do, sir, if there is any such thing as a responsible editor. Am I mistaken in the party I am addressing?

P. You are, sir. The responsible editor is very frequently out, owing to the great press of duties which occupies his valuable time. Couldn't you call next week?

Spar. No, sir! I'll see him now. I'll wait till he comes in.

P. Then take a seat, sir, and look at the exchanges. (*Spar seats himself and takes up a paper. Pastepot, aside.*) This may

become a trifle interesting. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll apologize and say it was all a mistake. (*Writes a short time.*) Mr. Spar, hadn't you better call again. Mr. Pastepot's movements are very uncertain.

Spar. I'll wait and regulate them.

P. (*Aside.*) It's lucky he don't know me, or the acquaintance might n't prove agreeable. I'll tell the "devil" to get the poker ready, and rush in if he hears any unusual disturbance. (*Steps off R. Returns.*) I should think this would be a capital day for fishing, Mr. Spar.

Spar. (*Gruffly.*) It's too windy.

P. I think the breeze has subsided outside. (*Aside.*) But not inside! (*Aloud.*) Our editor-in-chief has for some time contemplated whiling away a few brief hours in piscatorial pursuits.

Spar. (*Savagely.*) Eh? What did you say?

P. I should n't be surprised if he'd gone a-fishing.

Spar. (*Threateningly.*) Look here now! I won't stand this fooling any longer. I must know where that editor is, and if you don't tell, I'll thrash the whole office.

P. Pray don't be hasty, Mr. Spar. I'll look for him at once. (*Goes to R. Aside, beckoning to office boy outside.*) That's right, Jack! You keep the monkey-wrench and hand me the poker. (*Alarmed, as boy is about to enter.*) No, not yet! His Satanic Majesty is a dreadfully small boy, too small for emergencies. I wish I had hired the big one that applied last week. Mr. Spar, I'll step outside and look for him. He may be in the street, you know, when I get there.

Spar. Remember, I'm going to wait. (*Exit Pastepot L.*) Things have come to a fine pass if a man can't regulate his own family without getting it into the papers. I'll give this contemptible *Tellawhopper* a lesson he'll not forget soon. Perhaps it may have a wholesome influence on that abominable *Clashpacket* too. Hello, here he comes now, I suppose. (*Enter Boodlum L with heavy stick.*)

Boodlum. (*Excitedly.*) Sir, you are a villain!

Spar. (*Angrily.*) You are a slanderer!

Boodlum. You insulted my wife!

Spar. I never saw your wife, and never wish to see her. How dare you meddle in my private affairs?

Boodlum. How dare you deny your guilt!

Spar. I'll have satisfaction!

Boodlum. I'll give you all of that article you want. (*They collar each other with their left hands and belabor each other with their sticks, but are too close to inflict ny serious injury. Enter Pastepot L.*)

P. (*Laughs hilariously.*) I'm the luckiest fellow alive. Here's an escape, and a blood-curdling item at the same time. I hope they will break a few bones to spice the article. (*Jack rushes in with the poker which he flourishes wildly. He offers Pastepot the monkey-wrench.*) Jack, put away the poker and the

monkey-wrench. The pen is mightier than either. (*Sits himself at his desk, and writes furiously. The combatants suddenly stop. Pastepot jumps up.*) I'm very sorry, Mr. Spar, to cause you this unnecessary trouble, but I couldn't find him anywhere. I went up one side of the street, and came down the other, but I didn't meet him.

Spar. Then, who is that fellow! (*Brandishes his cane defiantly at Boodlum.*)

Boodlum. (*Does same.*) Who is that fellow?

P. I haven't the slightest idea! There's a serious mistake somewhere, gentlemen, I'm sorry to say.

Boodlum. I'm after the editor of the *Tellawhopper*.

P. I can attend to subscriptions, sir.

Boodlum. This is a matter, sir, which you cannot attend to.

P. (*Aside.*) Glad to hear it.

Spar. We're sold. But I'll make it up when I catch him. I'm determined to wait.

Boodlum. And so will I.

P. (*Aside.*) This is worse than ever. (*Goes to R.*) I have it. Gentlemen, at last I can give you the desired information. (*Pointing off R.*) Do you see that individual across the street on the porch of the Eagle Hotel? That man with the striped vest and the straw hat is the editor. Heels on the railing, smoking a cigar. Ha! ha! he's telling the crowd some of his stale jokes.

Spar. I'll teach him how to meddle with my private affairs.

Boodlum. I'll show him what it costs to insult my wife. (*Exeunt both R. P. gives way to convulsions of laughter.*)

P. This is glorious. News is booming for to-morrow's *Tellawhopper*. Won't it be a surprise for the reptile of the *Clashpacket*, when Spar and Boodlum tackle him. I hope they'll drub him soundly. They will, though, for that little preliminary bout has put them on their mettle. They're in honor bound to thrash somebody. I must write it up. (*Writes furiously.*) "ALMOST A TRAGEDY! A THRILLING EPISODE! Two prominent and highly influential citizens engage in a death struggle in the office of the *Tellawhopper*. The timely interference of the employes of the office alone prevented a horrible tragedy. Up to the hour of going to press, we have been unable to learn precisely the immediate cause of the unfortunate difficulty between our esteemed fellow-citizens. The parties themselves are very reticent. Suffice it to say that the matter originated in a family feud of a very early date. Confidential friends of the families concerned say that the feud first originated between the great grandfathers of the gentlemen, beyond the broad Atlantic, and was caused by a dispute concerning the proper division of a deer shot in a nobleman's park at a very unseasonable hour in the morning. Be that as it may, a few seconds more and the tomb would have hidden the fatal secret. Knives and pistol would soon have been drawn. (We infer they would, since that

would be the proper thing under the circumstances.) But the strangest feature of the whole affair is, that after the gentleman had been disarmed by the employes of the *Tellachopper*, who interfered at the risk of their lives, the belligerents joined in common cause to administer long-deserved punishment on that viper in the guise of a man who has so long insulted with impunity this much-suffering community. The *Clashpacket* has flaunted his offenses in the face of a suffering community too long. He has met his reward publicly. He was handsomely caned on the porch of the Eagle Hotel yesterday by the irate gentlemen referred to." (*Speaks.*) By the way I must see that agreeable operation. (*Goes to R as if looking out.*) Confound him! he's ruined half my article! He has knocked them both down. I'll change it a little, and head it, "*Dastardly Assault.*"

(*Writes furiously. Does not observe Spar and Boodlum who enter L with clubs.*)

Spar. I've got you now, you villain! (*Flourishes club.*)

Boodlum. I'll pay you for this trick. We know you now. (*Flourishes club.*)

Pastepot. You know me, eh! Well I can't say that I care particularly for your acquaintance just now. I'm very busy.

Spar. Make up your mind to a drubbing. There's no escape.

Pastepot. Sir, you are seriously in error there. The mind of the true journalist soars above all exigencies.

Spar. Then see if you can soar above this. (*They rush at P. with clubs uplifted. He exits rapidly R, pursued by Spar and Boodlum.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

THE ASSESSOR.

A humorous sketch illustrating the difficulties of an assessor in listing the property of a shrewd old farmer. Full of unexpected developments; 3 male and 2 female. Time, 15 m.

BORROWING TROUBLE.

A ludicrous farce; 3 male and 4 female. Time, 30 m. Illustrates the very amusing trials of a borrowing family.

"Borrowing Trouble fully sustained the excellent reputation gained by its author. It brought down the house."—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat.*

COUNTRY JUSTICE.

A very amusing country law suit; 8 male characters. (May admit 14). Time, 15 minutes. Contains a very remarkable verdict.

LOUVA, THE PAUPER.

A drama in five acts; 9 male and 4 female characters. Time, 1 hour 45 m. Contains a good Yankee character and a humorous darky character. This is an intensely interesting and pathetic play. It admits of striking scenic effects, and is a *strong* and popular play for amateurs.

Act I., Louva's tyrants. Act II., freedom promised and denied. Act III., the trial. Act IV., flight. Act V., pursuit; death in the mountains; retribution.

"Send sample copy of a play that is as good as Louva the Pauper. That took splendidly here."—*G. J. Railsbach, Minier, Ill., Dramatic Club.*

"Peleg Pucker, the Yankee peddler, is inimitable."—*Practical Teacher, Chicago, Ill.*

THE PULL-BACK.

A laughable farce; 6 female. Time, 20 m. Contains an excellent old-fashioned "old lady" character. Pictures her adventures among the devotees of fashion.

HANS VON SMASH.

A roaring farce in a prologue and one act; 3 male and 4 female. Time, 30 m. Contains an excellent humorous Dutch character. This is a very popular farce. Country life.

"Hans brought down the house."—*De Von Vleck, Deep River, Iowa.*

ON THE BRINK,

Or, The Reclaimed Husband.

A temperance drama in two acts, by H. Elliott McBride; 12 male and 3 female. Time, 1 hour, 45 m. Seven of the characters have unimportant parts, and some of the parts are so arranged that the same person may play two parts. Contains three humorous Yankee characters.

"We rendered On the Brink a number of times very successfully to crowded houses."—*Dramatic Club, Cordova, Minn.*

A PARLOR ENTERTAINMENT.

A sketch, by H. Elliott McBride; 2 male and 5 female. Time, 25 m. A first rate piece for boys and girls in school exhibitions. Very amusing.

OUR COUNTRY.

A patriotic drama in three parts. Requires 9 male, 3 female. (Admits 9 male, 15 female.) Four fine tableaux. Time, about 1 hour. Based on Colonial and Revolutionary history of U. S. The narration is lively enough to make it take well. It contains some striking situations.

A BAD JOB.

A highly ludicrous farce, by H. Elliott McBride; 3 male, 2 female. Time, 30 m.

What Have we to do with Plymouth Rock?

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